A Minion Too Cute

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/7274527.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	Other
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Hannibal Lecter, Will Graham, Alana Bloom
Additional Tags:	Fluff, Cute, Kittens, Pics Included
Language:	English
Series:	Part 2 of Prompt Shots
Collections:	My Favourites to read
Stats:	Published: 2016-06-22 Updated: 2016-07-26 Words: 1,698 Chapters: 2/?

A Minion Too Cute

by Watermelonsmellinfellon

Summary

@hikarukikuriki on Tumblr Prompted: Maybe a touch of Hannigram where Hanni is a pedigreed cat and Will is a kinda scruffy street cat who are both owned by Alana?? Just cute fluff. Kitties ok. Kitties make everything better.

A/N: I hope I fit the requirements. Pedigree is lost on me.

Notes

Fluff!

Chapter 1

Hannibal:

Will:

A/N: Hello, people!

I don't own Hannibal.

I have no beta.

ENJOY!

CHECK ME OUT ON TUMBLR. HELLY-WATERMELONSMELLINFELLON. I FOLLOW BACK.

Alana sometimes worried that her cat, Hannibal, was lonely. In the house all day, he would be left to his own devices. Hannibal was a Savannah and every day he had a schedule that he liked to follow.

She was amazed at how neat and orderly he was, and how he actually kept a schedule for himself. Still, it was the same thing every day and Alana wanted to introduce something new into his life. Something to make everything better.

Savannah's did get bored quickly.

That something almost ended up almost being hit by her car one evening, on her way back from work. She was astonished to see a kitten out in the middle of the street and had immediately plucked it from the ground and carried it back to the car, wrapping her scarf around it to keep it safe.

Once she made it home, Hannibal had immediately noticed the new addition to the household and jumped onto the counter to get a better look at the little being she was gently placing on the marble.

It was less than six months old, she'd reckon. It was too small to be any older. The fur was long however, and curled in various directions at the ends. The true color was muddled by dirt and something black, but she would assume that the fur was brown.

And the eyes! She had gotten used to Hannibal's burgundy eyes, which were extremely rare on a feline, but these were so vibrant a shade of blue that she was awestruck for a moment.

Lifting the creature, she carefully checked the gender and found the kitten to be male.

Hannibal had sat by, watching the proceedings with sharp eyes. She sent him a look and said, "Now I don't want you bothering him. I am going to give him a bath and they we're going to get him some food."

There was a kitten in his domain. Usually, another animal meant a potential threat, but this one was so tiny compared to him that he couldn't help but be amused.

It's meows were more like squeaks. Despite that he was demanding to be released, he sounded too adorable.

His human took the kitten into the bathroom and gave him a warm bath, while Hannibal stood in the corner, reveling in the annoyed squeaks of his fellow feline.

Once finished, he was deposited on a towel and left to shiver as his tiny body dripped water. Alana rubbed him dry, leaving a puff of untamed fur behind.

"Aw!" she cooed, reaching out to scratch an ear. "Hannibal, isn't he cute?"

Hannibal gave an agreeing meow, and watched as the kitten finally took notice of his presence. Wide blue eyes looked up at him from where they rested, and the kitten's attention was suddenly transfixed.

Hannibal knew what was happening the moment the hind quarters began to wiggle from side to side. And then, there was an energetic kitten bumbling all over the majestic feline's paws, batting at his tail as it swished back and forth, just out of reach.

Alana cooed again. "Dinner time!"

Hannibal stood and made his way to the kitchen, knowing that the kitten followed as it tried to catch his swinging tail.

Hannibal then found himself teaching the feline how to eat the food that Alana set out for them. The smooth consistency was easy to chew and the kitten dove right in once he got the hang of it.

"I think I'll call him, William. Will for short."

When the feast was finished, Hannibal pulled the kitten in and proceeded to bathe him thoroughly. After all, his human was not perfect and most likely had missed a spot or two.

The kitten's protests went unheard for the most part and Hannibal picked him up by the scruff of his neck and carried him into the den, where he seated himself on his favorite pillow and plopped Will down, right beside him.

A small yawn came as expected and Hannibal found himself playing the pillow as the kitten's head nuzzled into his silken fur.

A low coo from the kitchen, alerted him to his human's presence. A quick flash of light filled the room, and he raised his head to glare fiercely.

"Sorry, but it was too cute to pass up!"

Alana left them to their rest, giggling as she went.

Hannibal situated himself more comfortably around the kitten and decided that this went better than he thought it could go.

He now had a minion to teach.

A/N: DONE!

How was it? Let me know!

Check out my other Hannigram fics!

See ya! :D

CHECK ME OUT ON TUMBLR. HELLY-WATERMELONSMELLINFELLON. I FOLLOW BACK.

Ill Will

Chapter Summary

I'm turning it into a series!

Chapter Notes

More kitten!Will.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

A/N: Hello, people!

I don't own Hannibal.

I have no beta.

ENJOY!

CHECK ME OUT ON TUMBLR. HELLY-WATERMELONSMELLINFELLON. I FOLLOW BACK.

His minion was not doing as minions were supposed to do. Minions took instruction from their leaders and instead, the kitten fumbled around the older feline's paws and made a fool of himself. If he was not so adorable, Hannibal would have been tempted to teach him exactly who was in control. But then he would be faced with those blue eyes and feel as if all the air in the room had been sucked out.

It was some kind of mind trickery. This new addition to his life had been brought in for *him*. Alana had specifically stated that Will was for Hannibal and therefore, Hannibal should obviously be the one in control of the situation.

And Will had run outside again.

Hannibal was becoming frustrated, especially since he knew that he would have to bathe the kitten once he returned. Somehow, some way, Will managed to attract all manner of dirt. Hannibal disliked dirt.

Oh dear, Will had just found the neighbor's mutt.

Hannibal squeezed through the cat flap and scampered across the dirty yard in order to pluck his kitten from the hole in the fence. How did something so small managed to get stuck in something that large?

The kitten struggled, his pitiful mews not formed well enough to convey his words. Eventually he would grow and learn how to speak like Hannibal, but today he would simply have to learn by example. Naughty kittens shoving their heads into fences was not good.

As punishment, he would be receiving a bath.

Hannibal had never had to deal with a kitten before, but if he were to have been given the decision, he would have decided *not* to take a kitten. Kittens had too much energy, they barely paid attention, and they did not listen when their elders had more important things to say.

He had found that Will was either hard of hearing or just simply ignoring him and that was very rude. Hannibal did not appreciate rudeness. It was why he did not get along with any of Alana's co-workers and her acquaintances, because they were also very rude. Loud, dirty, smelly, and overall disgusting.

Alana even had her moments on the rare occasion, but she had been trained to understand Hannibal's desires.

Will do not seem capable of being trained to understand anything. Anything that wasn't food or sleep. Sometimes Hannibal wondered if the smaller feline was much younger than he and Alana had previously assumed he was.

"Meow!" Hannibal warned as Will got too close to the stairs. If he went down, he would end up falling all the way down and then Hannibal would have carry him back up again.

Will's body decided to rebel and he leaned too far to the side and fell over the side of the stairs, his strangled meows alerting Hannibal of the entire trip down.

With a sigh, the Savannah stood. He'd have to fetch him, otherwise Will would wail at the bottom of the stairs because he wasn't big enough to climb them.

Being the eldest was trying at times.

Will was ill, or at least allergic to something in the food. The second time in so many hours that he had vomited his entire meal onto Hannibal's glossy coat. The silken fur tarnished by whatever had been boiling inside Will's petite body.

The older feline was obviously not pleased and had to sit still as Alana scrubbed him for the second time that day.

And Will, he wanted to be so furious at the kitten, but the poor thing had collapsed near the fireplace and was mewing pathetically. From what Hannibal could make of it, his stomach was hurting.

He probably ate something in the yard again. No matter how much Hannibal told him not to, he did not listen.

After Alana dried him off with her 'hairdryer', Hannibal stalked on over to Will's side and head butted the kitten, inquiring on his state of health.

A whimper was his only response. Not even a sign of a blue eye. Will had well and truly been tuckered out by the suddenness of his illness.

Hannibal sighed and laid down beside him, hoping that his presence would be a comfort. He then gave Alana a sharp stare, as if compelling her to do something about it all.

She sighed. "I think it's just the food. It'll have to switch back to the other kind."

Will's entire body quaked then, and Hannibal turned to look, just in time to witness Will's furry little body almost coiling in on itself. A brownish substance that came from Will's mouth once again, covered Hannibal's award winning fur. Will collapsed then, unresponsive.

He made sure to send Alana a death glare that heavily implied his ire.

"Okay! Okay! I'll take him to the Vet!"

She should have done that the first time.

Hannibal made sure to be extra unpleasant while receiving his third bath of the day. Besides, Alana's shirt was hideous. He was doing her a favor.

A/N: Another is done!

How was it? Let me know!

Check out my other Hannigram fics!

See ya! :D

CHECK ME OUT ON TUMBLR. HELLY-WATERMELONSMELLINFELLON. I FOLLOW BACK.

Chapter End Notes

How was it?

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!